

DAVID'S BABY.

BY ELLA F. MOSEY.

"He's just a common-sized boy, ma'am."

This was the baffling reply to Mrs. Wilmot's question about the size of Mrs. Brown's boy. Mrs. Wilmot was the minister's wife and Mrs. Brown one of his outlying parishioners, a mountaineer from one of the steepest and wildest peaks of the ridge. Her husband had died in the great snowstorm of the past winter, and David, her only boy, was her sole prop and stay. Mrs. Wilmot thought a bit of clothes would not come amiss, even if second-hand.

But what was "a common size" for boys? In Mrs. Wilmot's experience they were of all sorts and sizes. Her mind reverted to Richard, her long boy, and his Aunt Ellen's frequent exclamation: "Richard, my dear, uncross a few of your legs!" to Robin, a head shorter, who was now crumpled up in a heap over "Stories of Lion Hunting in South Africa," and John, a round, roly-poly of a boy—and she looked slightly perplexed.

"No'm, he ain't to say big, nor yet any bears on Priest's mountain?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, nonsense!" said his mother; but Mrs. Brown answered seriously: "It's a little wilder, mebbe you won't see one; but in a long run they'll come right down the mountain. They don't generally attack humans; the damage they do mostly is to young creturs—pigs and such things. I seed one myself; 'twas in the summer, too, three or four years ago; and I don't want to see another."

"Tell me about it," said Robin, coming over to the chair next hers.

"Well, 'twas a long, hot spell, and I'd gone out to get blackberries. Nos' of 'em was leetle and dry with the drouth, but I seed 'em on a long ledge of rocks I see a big clump of briars, all hanging with berries, big juicy berries, as big as silk. I kin see 'em now. I put my hand out to pull the nearest branch down, and then I heard a growl—there ain't much more pleasant noise than a growl or a hiss, in the woods, I kin tell ye! There stood a big 'ar just on 'tother side of the blackberries, showin' his teeth in an ugly sort of grin. I didn't stop to have no words 'bout the berries—in fact, there was mighty few berries in my basket, when I got 'em home, I came so fast. Them was the finest berries on the mountain," she added, regretfully; "big and shiny and sweet-lookin', and jest burstin' with juice; and I hadn't fairly tetch 'em when I heard that growl."

"Would he have showed fight if you had stayed?" inquired Robin, eagerly.

Mrs. Brown's eyes twinkled.

"I didn't keer to argue a point with him," she answered.

"What other wild beasts live near you?" pursued Robin in a tone of positive envy.

"Why, squirrels and possums and foxes, and wildcats—it do sound mighty lonesome to hear 'em cry! I reckon the woods is right full o' prowlin' varmints after nightfall."

"But you have Dave to take care of you," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"Yes; an' he kin do a terrible strong fur a boy. He kin shoot, too, mos' as well as his uncle. He's been takin' David out huntin' with him this spring and summer."

A few weeks after this talk David bustled into the mountain cabin at "sundown" in great excitement.

"Hello, Sis!—to Lucy—was 'there, honey!"—to the baby, who was laughing and gurgling with delight to see him—"Brother will take you in a minute—jest ez soon ez he kin wash his hands."

David Brown was a plain, freckle-faced boy, so tanned that his skin was several shades darker than his flaxen hair and pale eyes; but the sweetness and good humor of his homely face made it a pleasant sight to more than "David's baby." Everybody on the mountain liked David, from the gruff mountaineers themselves down to their cubs that snuggled and snatched at most everyone's elbow. As he whistled to the baby, who was now changing her rapturous noises to a more imperative demand, Spot, his own "yaller dog," watched his every movement with his keen, blinking eyes, and the black kitten, a recent stray, rubbed itself between his legs with a satisfied purr, and gazed up into his face with its yellow-green opals.

"You've got some news, David," said his mother, bringing out the meal and a sifter.

"You are the beatin'est one to guess, mother!" exclaimed David, admiringly. "I've got a job. Mr. Jones wants me to help him drive his cattle down to the station to-morrow, and he'll give me a man's pay if we have 'em there on time and in good condition. Me and Spot'll do the job fine, won't we, young'un?" and he held out his hands to take the baby.

"You set a lot o' sto' by that child, David," observed his mother, laughing. "Yes'm. I set a lot o' sto' by the baby and Lucy, too; and he patted the older child's head, as she flushed with delight. It was not David's way to forget anyone.

Mother, 'spos you take the children and go with me ez fur as Uncle Martin's? I don't like leavin' you all—passel o' 'wimmen folks," he said, laughing at the very small one on his lap—"but yo'selves all day; and mebbe I'll be back late."

"It'd be powerful lonesome here," answered his mother, "thet's a fact." But how would I know when you was back?" she added, anxiously.

"Why, I'd loved on massin' you at

the dividin' fence 'bout dusk, and totin' the baby fur you. An' the moon'd be up early; if I git back sooner, I'll come up ter the cabin, but I'll be sho' ter be at the fence, by nightfall, anyhow."

Mrs. Brown enjoyed her long, neighborly day, getting a new receipt from sister Martha, and hearing old Martin say how "pearl" the baby was, and say as rosy as a peach blossom. As for David, she never wearied in talking of him, and it was really dusk before she was fairly started. The "dividing fence," a boundary line between two large tracts of mountain land, was often used as a trysting place by others than lovers, and would save David a good many steps.

She had wrapped up the baby well from the night air, and Uncle Martin had many jokes over the huge knot in which she had tied a bandana handkerchief at the back, "jest ez you wanted ter tote it by a handle." Poor mother! If she had only known the use that would be made of this; but she did not, and went on her way down the steep path in good spirits, Lucy following close behind.

As they reached the fence in the woods a cloud was over the moon, and it was quite dark; but she could see a dim figure on the other side.

"David, have you been waitin' long?" she called out, and handed the baby over in a hurry, turning as she did so to see what was the matter with Lucy; for the child clung to her skirts in fright, and cried out that it wasn't David.

When with some difficulty she had lifted her over the fence, struggling and crying still, and had herself climbed over—Mrs. Brown was not as active as she had been—there was no one in sight.

"David!" she cried. She heard a rustling in the bushes; but the moon, shining out at that instant, showed the place empty. "David!" she cried, again, in terror.

Then he appeared just at the bend of the mountain path, whistling cheerily and with Spot leaping and barking at his heels. But where was the baby?

For he had called out to her to give him the child as soon as he had caught sight of her, and David was not given to fooling. She could not answer, for her sobbing and crying.

Lucy tried to tell him the strange story. When she said: "A big, black, shaggy man" he threw himself on the ground, examining every mark. Spot smelled, too, and his yellow hair began to bristle with rage, and he growled furiously, for there were surely the recent footprints of some large animal.

"Mother, run back and rouse the neighbors. Tell 'em to bring their rifles," and, breaking off a stout stick, David dashed into the bushes. Spot springing in front and leading the chase.

Once David thought he heard a half-smothered cry, and he hurried faster. For "common-sized" boy he was making good speed; but Mrs. Brown was on the home stretch, and she knew it.

At last he caught a glimpse of a big, clumsy, dark form, trotting briskly along with what seemed like a bundle dangling from its mouth. He was none too soon. The cave in which the little black cubs rolled about, impatient for their supper, was but a hundred yards or so distant. He thought she must be near home by her quickened gait, and he knew, if she ever got the baby inside its black, yawning mouth, there would be no hope of bringing it out alive.

With the energy of despair he darted forward and gave the bear a sharp blow over the nose with his long stick. Spot closed in at the same moment, yelping and snapping at her legs.

The huge beast, enraged but not hurt by this simultaneous attack, dropped the baby, and reared up on her hind legs, looking in the mingled moonlight and shadow so like a human figure that David did not wonder afterward at his mother's mistake. She showed her sharp white teeth with a fierce snarl, and stretched out her forepaws for a grapple. She was near her own babies now, and she meant fight.

David looked at the precious bundle. If just under the creature's terrible claws, and to attempt to pick it up would have placed him utterly at the bear's mercy, unless her attention could be diverted.

"At her, Spot! at her, good dog!" he shouted; and again he raised the stick over his head, and eyes and nose so quick and fierce that, blinded and confused for the instant, she backed a step or two, growling horribly.

Spot inflicted a sharp bite on her hind quarters, and she turned her head. It was his only chance. Quick as a flash he seized the baby and fled, leaving poor Spot to receive a terrific blow from the brute's paws, at which he, too, broke and ran, the blood streaming from his wound, and howling at every jump.

Half way down the mountain they met the Martins with dogs and torches. The bear, after a fierce fight, was brought to bay and killed, and the poor little cubs taken captive.

Old Martin untied with rough but trembling fingers the knot he had laughed at—the knot which had saved the baby's neck from the bear's teeth. David hardly dared to be certain that he had heard a cry in his headlong flight; but when they had unwrapped fold after fold and unfasted the veil, there lay the baby—"David's baby" now, without doubt or question—as rosy and fresh as a flowerbud, its big blue eyes full of wonder and fright; but ready to smile at the first sight of David.

David was more his mother's hero than ever. She never told the story without adding:

"And he was jest a common-sized boy when he done it!"—N. Y. Independent.

TAYLOR RECAPTURED.

The Murderer of the Meeks Family Found in California, After a Seven Months' Flight. The Crime for Which the Taylor Brothers Were Sentenced to Hang, Which Penalty One of Them Has Already Paid.

HANFORD, Cal., Jan. 31.—George Taylor, under sentence of death for participating in the murder of the Meeks family near Carrollton, Mo., and who escaped from the Carrollton jail several months ago, was captured on the Jacob ranch, near Hanford, by Sheriff Buckner and a posse and brought to town. Taylor was taken by surprise and made no resistance whatever. He had been domiciled in a small cabin on the ranch, and apparently felt secure that his identity was unknown. A strong guard was placed over the prisoner in the city jail, and the governor will be applied to for extradition papers.

George and William Taylor, farmers, were convicted of the brutal murder of Mr. and Mrs. Meeks and the attempted assassination of their little daughter, who survived to tell the tale of the crime. Both brothers attempted an escape from the jail and George succeeded, and no trace has since been found of him until now.

WAS PLAYING CARDS.

While His Wife and Children Were Burned to Death—Seven Persons Burned in Hoboken and Thirty Families Evicted from Homes.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Feb. 1.—This city was visited by two disastrous fires between 11:30 Saturday night and 3 o'clock yesterday morning. Seven persons were killed, and 30 families were made homeless.

The Saturday night fire started in the three-story frame building at 410 Newark street. Here six persons lost their lives.

The father of the family, Charles Schroeder, was a merry-saloon playing cards while his wife and children were dying.

The second fire started at 3 o'clock yesterday morning in the five-story double deck tenement at 157 Fourteenth street, over a mile from the scene of the first. In this fire three tenants, 155, 157 and 159 were entirely wrecked and 123 was damaged badly by water. One child was burned to death on the fourth floor of No. 157. She was Mabel Mangies, 3 years old.

As near as can be determined the fire at 410 Newark street started in a defective furnace in the basement. A fire-wright shop on the ground floor of a three-story frame building, Schaeffer occupied the second floor as living apartments. The front rooms on the third floor were occupied by Charles Schroeder and his family, while James Schneider and family occupied the rooms in the rear. The Schroeder family was first to discover the fire, which had gained such headway that they barely made their escape by way of the roofs of adjoining buildings.

It was impossible to discover the fate of the Schroeder family until the fire had subsided.

When the police entered the building little save the shell remained, and they were obliged to exercise great care in climbing about the place. They finally reached the top floor and made their way into the front room. Stretched across the floor lay the charred bodies of the girls, Maggie and Kate. It is likely that they were suffocated in their sleep. On a mattress on the floor near the window lay the body of Henry, the oldest boy, no where to be seen. Upon further search being made the boy's body was found under a mass of debris in the hall, burned almost to a crisp.

It is believed that the boy was aroused during the fire, and in his efforts to escape ran into the hall.

GOV. BRADLEY'S DILEMMA.

Dire Punishment if He Does and a Terrible Fate if He Doesn't.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 1.—Gov. Bradley has received the following letter: JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 25. Gov. Bradley, Frankfort, Ky. Sir: It would be unjust to have Scott Jackson and Walling on my account, for I am alive and well, and my parents will never be able to find me. Respectfully, P. S. I leave here this afternoon.

The governor has received numerous letters threatening him with dire punishment if he does not commute the sentences of Jackson and Walling. There says he will meet with a terrible fate should he show mercy.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Rhinestein—"Life is a failure." Borgebaum—"If one could only live a hundred lives!"—Boston Transcript.

—What is your nephew doing now?" "For the last five years he has been choosing a profession."—Jugend.

—What is it that ails you, Mrs. Giles?" "Well, my lady, the doctor says it's just general nobility!"—Moonshine.

—You ain't forgot that maximum I told you yesterday, is you, Sammie?" "No, grand-dad. 'A bird in the han' is wuff too on de roost.'"—Life.

—Uncle Simon, what is a phenomenon?" "A phenomenon is a man who gets so rich that he won't accept a pass on a railroad."—Chicago Record.

—Sticker—"I dreamt last night that you gave me ten pounds." Stryker—"Good! that makes us square. I owed you a tenner, you know."—Tit-Bits.

—The Baby—"Gobble, hobbie. Gobble, hobbie." The Wife—"John, I do believe the baby is trying to say he loves me." The Brute—"Very likely. He hasn't known you long."—London Figaro.

—Doctor (to Irish patient): "Do you sleep with your mouth open?" Irish Patient—"Shure, Oi don't know, doctor. Oi've never seen myself when Oi've been asleep, but Oi'll have a look to-night!"—Tit-Bits.

—Benedict—"I tell you, my boy, it is impossible for me to find my wife's pocket!" Batchelor—"You shouldn't be discouraged. Look at me! I haven't been able to find even a wife yet!"—Yonkers Statesman.

—Trustworthy Guarantee.—Customer (at the lively stable): "He's perfectly safe, is he? I don't want a skittish animal." New Stable Boy—"All I know about 'im is that he used to be a Philadelphia car horse."—Chicago Tribune.

—The Only Drawback.—Visitor—"There is a panel in my new dining-room that that would just fit." Hungry—"It's hard, I'm sure." Visitor—"Only, when the room is paid for, I shall have no money for pictures."—Harper's Bazar.

—Tennyson used to tell the story of a farmer who, after hearing a red-hot sermon of never-ending fire and brimstone, consoled his wife quite sincerely with the naive remark: "Never mind, Sally; that must be wrong; no constitution could stand it."—Tit-Bits.

—"It's hard" remarked the man who was trying to write a letter, "to realize that it is '97 and not '96.'" "That's so," replied the friend with knotty legs and a downy mustache: "the bicycle makers don't give us nearly the difference in style from year to year that they used to."—Washington Star.

—A Dead Shot.—Algernon (who has invited himself down for a day's shooting): "Hullo, Tom, what are those fellows tied on the end of the line?" Keeper—"Well, sir, you see, the squirrel remembers your last day's shooting, and thought you had better know the valley of the dogs beforehand to save future unpleasantness!"—Fun.

GEOLOGICAL CONJECTURES.

Speculations Aroused by the Discovery of a Buried Tree.

The recent discovery of an oak tree, two or three feet in diameter, 50 feet beneath the surface, while sinking a well with a drill at the confluence of the Onondaga and Seneca rivers, is an important discovery. It indicates that the Onondaga river was at one time the outlet of an immense volume of water and opens to our readers very interesting geological conjectures.

The theory would seem to be plausible that the Onondaga river was once the outlet of the great chain of lakes. One is reminded that Lake Ontario is 33 feet higher than Lake Erie. Three Rivers is 115 feet higher than Lake Ontario at Oswego. A great depression has taken place, unquestionably, in conditions immediately connected with Lake Ontario. It has apparently subsided several hundred feet, while the Onondaga river has been raised up so that to-day it is 115 feet higher than the surface of the lake.

The waters from the great chain of lakes must have passed from Lake Ontario south through the valley where the Oswego river now runs, a reversal of the present course of that river. At the confluence of the Onondaga with the Oswego this great volume of water made its way eastward through the Onondaga river to the Mohawk and Hudson rivers. The Mohawk valley shows plainly that it was a great water course at one period and the discovery of the buried timber at Three Rivers proves conclusively that the water bed of the Onondaga was at one period at least 50 feet lower than it now is and perhaps 100 to 150 feet lower.

It is even asserted that the shores of Lake Ontario were once located as far east as Baldwinsville, showing the course of the shore has been traced through Cayuga, Wayne, Monroe and adjacent counties. This condition shows, if correct, that the whole region, including Schoepack, Clay, Cicero and portions of Madison county, was at one period a vast lake, but that in subsequent years a subsidence of the waters took place by the depression, causing Lake Ontario. Silt was washed down from the west through the Oswego and Onondaga rivers and valleys. The drift of alluvium was eastward and, as now proved, covered up trees and filled in deep channels. It is conjectured that the St. Lawrence river did not exist at that time.—Popular Science News.

Not Full Yet.

The world is not full yet. Queensland has still an area of 330,000,000 acres to a population of about 450,000 people. Its government has lately been offering more tempting conditions to settlers, who may now hold ordinary land for 20 years at a rental of threepence per acre, while "scrub land" may be selected in areas up to 10,000 acres and held for 30 years at an average rental per acre of very much less than a penny. This ought to be good news for many struggling for a bare living in the mother country. Of course the climatic conditions in many portions of the colony are trying, but so they are in western Australia, which at the present time is adding 750 per week to its population, and the revenue of which has been increasing at a rate far outstripping the outlays of its treasurer. But this may be only temporary, and it may be that Queensland will be the home of millions of our fellow countrymen after the golden age in the west of the colonial continent has passed away.—Westminster Gazette.

FASHION LETTER.

The Spring Season to Surpass All Others in Variety of Elegant and Artistic Accessories—New Color Combinations, Etc. (Special New York Correspondence).

Fashions in dress are never so fascinating as at the approach of spring, when they blossom out like the flowers in such rapid succession that one becomes bewildered in the matter of selection from among such a host of pretty styles so different in appearance from the heavy materials of the winter. Already the shops are aglow with temptations galore in the way of warm-weather attire from the exhibit of lightweight, light-colored tweeds, fancy wools, ladies' cloths, French cashmeres and boucles, to the most diaphanous gauzes and muslins fit only for the most sultry day wear. The spring season promises to surpass all others in the variety of elegant and artistic accessories, which are certainly the dominant feature of the present fashions, and we can only wonder what will come next, and tentatively consider each new suggestion as it may apply to individual requirements.

Individuality in dress has a wide field in the midst of all the profusion, and the woman who is fortunate enough to possess good taste can make a most artistic success of her season's outfit. With the diminution of sleeves and the moderately full skirts, exaggeration seems to have ceased, and the general outlines of fashion are becoming more prettier than they are now. The new sleeves show such unlimited variety that they may be exactly what the wearer or the dressmaker chooses to have them. Besides being small, very many of the new models are still very much elongated by points at the waists and frills falling over the hands, the scalloped edges of some of the newest reaching almost to the finger tips, and veiling the entire hand. The very close coat sleeve is seen much more in some special styles of gowns than in others—for example, the Louis XV. costs have moderately full sleeves, but they are cut in such a way as to fit the forearm closely, with the fullness distinctly on the upper part near the shoulder. Length, not width, seems to be the aim in all the sleeves, and the manner of finishing them at the top varies almost with the making of each new advance spring model.

But for the moment before Lent the pretty details of dress appear to be the features most under consideration. Few wholly new gowns are yet invested in, and women are busy merely studying new effects, and slowly making up their minds regarding style, color, outline and general effect for the spring of their new spring gowns.

Meantime the change is continually rung on the item of small frills in the way of ruffles, collarettes, fraises, frills, ruffs, plaisters, vest-fronts and the countless variety of boleros, Eton, Zouave, French Guard and other small jackets or jacket-fronts with which to vary the present attire. If any new costumes are invested in they are for some extra elegant occasion demanding the freshest and newest style of evening toilet, or else the expenditure is for skating suits, that are always in great demand at this time of year, and skating in heated rinks on artificial ice permits a variety of ornamental dress which was never dreamed of in the old days of skating out of doors. Not only are stylish costumes worn in boucle fabrics, tweeds, English serges, chevrons and various handsome tailor cloths trimmed with furs of every description, but velvet gowns come to the foreground here as well as on more dressy occasions—these in dark and black and wine shades, eight out of every ten being completed with a short chamolined fur-trimmed bolero jacket, the toque muff and collarette of fur to match. Some of the handsome Russian blue costumes are made up with a bolero jacket, high collar and flaring cape collar edged with milk fur, with a blouse vest of blue, cream, gold and green plaided silk barred with satin whose soft folds are held by the deep ceinture.

Not only in demi-dress toilets, gowns of ceremony and also in elaborate street costumes, but likewise in ball dresses are a new and surprising color combinations. Blue, green and pale yellow were recently seen in conjunction on an imported ball gown trimmed with brown fur and lace. Another gown has a green and gold brocade, shot with pale rose color with sleeve puffs, Medici collar and girdle of mauve velvet. The bodice draperies were of pale ecru chiffon, silk embroidered with tiny heliotropes and minorette blossoms, framed with an elaborate passementerie of jewel beads.

KATE DUNHAM.

An Ingenious Swindle.

Some ingenious rogues in Calcutta and Bombay purchase favorite brands of liquor in the original packages. They remove the good liquor, without touching the cork or the capsule, and substitute vile stuff. This is done by drilling a hole in the bottom of the bottle and filling the hole with wax when the spurious liquor has been introduced.

Recipe Against Sickness.

"Shut your eyes and breathe deeply and slowly" is a Russian savant's recipe against sickness. He says it is infallible—at any rate, it is inexpensive.

A Modern Minerva.

She is fair in form and feature; quite an airy, fairy creature, and of art a leading teacher; she can talk and play, and sing, too, in a manner quite divine.

She is up in French and Sanscrit; can survey with chain and transit; name a star in the heavens, and she can dance; and in golf and tennis playing she is always first in line.

She can drive a fiery tandem; troll for bass and neatly land 'em; and she never talks at random, for she has good stores of knowledge upon which she loves to draw.

She is quite a politician; is a well-versed rhetorician, and a very keen logician; and she knows the hidden secrets that are wrapped up in the law.

She is very literary; very keen of wit—yes, very; and she's what all folks declare a very wonderful young lady who has wisdom without stint.

She is versed in Greek and Latin; paints on canvas, plaque and satin; quoting poetry she's pat in; but she cannot bake a biscuit that is half as soft as flint.

—Omaha World-Herald.

The Old-Time Fire.

Talk about yer buildin's! That's all hot up by steam; Give me the old oak fire! What the old folks uster dream.

The rickety dog-iron— One-sided as could be; The ashes banked with 'taters— Boastin' their for me!

The dog on one side drowns! Or barkin' nigh the door; The kitten cuttin' capers With the knittin' on the floor.

An' me a little towhead By mammy's side at night, With both my cheeks a-burnin' From the red flames leavin' bright!

These steam-hot buildin's make me Jest weary for the blaze That was heap more comfortable In childhood nights an' days.

An' I'd give the finest heater In the buildin's hot by steam Fer the old-time chimney corner Where the old folks uster dream.

—Atlanta Constitution.

A STRAIN cannot cripple if you use St. Jacobs Oil. It cures it.

The man who will not live up to his convictions is untrue to himself.—Ram's Horn.

AFTER six years' suffering, I was cured by Pisco's Cure.—MARY THOMPSON, 2954 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

When a man gives a gift with the request that his name be not mentioned, he always feels a little bit chagrined to find his request observed.—Atkinson Globe.

Jest try a 10c. box of Cascarets candy cathartic, honest liver and bowel regulator made in America.

Nothing is gained by starving the soul to feed the body.—Ram's Horn.

LOOK out! Shiver, then soreness and stiffness. Use St. Jacobs Oil—then a cure.

EVERYONE possesses just enough conceit to talk too much.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1897.

CATTLE—Native Steers..... 4 00 5 12 7
COTTON—St. Louis..... 12 1/2 13 1/2
FLOUR—Winter Wheat..... 2 35 3 00
WHEAT—No. 1 Hard..... 1 15 1 20
COIN—Gold..... 100 00 100 00
OATS—No. 2..... 35 00 37 1/2
PORE—New York..... 50 00 51 1/2

ST. LOUIS.

COTTON—Midland..... 12 1/2 13 1/2
BEEVES—St. Louis..... 4 00 4 15
COWS and HEIFERS..... 3 25 3 35
CALVES..... 3 00 3 10
HOGS—Fair to Choice..... 6 00 6 10
SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 4 00 4 10
FLOUR—Patent Extra No. 1..... 4 35 4 45
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter..... 1 15 1 20
OATS—No. 2..... 35 00 37 1/2
JAYS..... 10 00 10 10
TOBACCO—Louisiana..... 12 00 12 10
HAY—Choice Timothy..... 12 00 12 10
BETTER—Choice Dairy..... 13 00 13 10
PORK—Fresh..... 10 00 10 10
BACON—Standard (New)..... 11 00 11 10
LARD—Prime Steam..... 10 00 10 10

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Native Steers..... 3 50 4 00
BEEVES—St. Louis..... 4 00 4 15
COWS and HEIFERS..... 3 25 3 35
CALVES..... 3 00 3 10
HOGS—Fair to Choice..... 6 00 6 10
SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 4 00 4 10
FLOUR—Patent Extra No. 1..... 4 35 4 45
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter..... 1 15 1 20
OATS—No. 2..... 35 00 37 1/2
JAYS..... 10 00 10 10
TOBACCO—Louisiana..... 12 00 12 10
HAY—Choice Timothy..... 12 00 12 10
BETTER—Choice Dairy..... 13 00 13 10
PORK—Fresh..... 10 00 10 10
BACON—Standard (New)..... 11 00 11 10
LARD—Prime Steam..... 10 00 10 10

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers..... 3 50 4 00
HOGS—All Grades..... 6 00 6 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter..... 1 15 1 20
OATS—No. 2..... 35 00 37 1/2
JAYS..... 10 00 10 10
TOBACCO—Louisiana..... 12 00 12 10
HAY—Choice Timothy..... 12 00 12 10
BETTER—Choice Dairy..... 13 00 13 10
PORK—Fresh..... 10 00 10 10
BACON—Standard (New)..... 11 00 11 10
LARD—Prime Steam..... 10 00 10 10

NEW ORLEANS.

FLOUR—High Grade..... 4 40 4 50
CORN—No. 2..... 35 00 37 1/2
OATS—No. 2..... 35 00 37 1/2
JAYS..... 10 00 10 10
TOBACCO—Louisiana..... 12 00 12 10
HAY—Choice Timothy..... 12 00 12 10
BETTER—Choice Dairy..... 13 00 13 10
PORK—Fresh..... 10 00 10 10
BACON—Standard (New)..... 11 00 11 10
LARD—Prime Steam..... 10 00 10 10

LOUISVILLE.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter..... 1 15 1 20
OATS—No. 2..... 35 00 37 1/2
JAYS..... 10 00 10 10
TOBACCO—Louisiana..... 12 00 12 10
HAY—Choice Timothy..... 12 00 12 10
BETTER—Choice Dairy..... 13 00 13 10
PORK—Fresh..... 10 00 10 10
BACON—Standard (New)..... 11 00 11 10
LARD—Prime Steam..... 10 00 10 10

Vibrating in Tunesful Accord.

Like the strings of a musical instrument, the nervous system in healthy harmonious places only with the other parts of the system. But weakened or overworked, it jangles most unharmoniously. Quiet and invigorated it with the great tranquilizer and tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes digestion, bilious secretion and a regular action of the bowels, and prevents malaria, rheumatic and kidney complaints.

It always takes a girl an awfully long time to learn to ride a bicycle when some handsome young man is teaching her.

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